

*Torchwood*

Also by Jill Magi:

*Threads* (Futurepoem)

*Cadastral Map* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs)

**Torchwood**

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This book is for Trina.

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I.



DAY WITH DIVINE FEROCITY

Carrying yellow between us  
is pasture, soul—

beauty from the sun  
is your exercise in dreaming, thinking.

Such days hatch tomorrow in my girlhood—

purple on gold, I may tell you  
about church.

FROM THE WALL, TRANSPARENT,

I take a day.

Tell me to slide in  
and drink your tea  
lest I pour myself out.

(I pour out my age with all wisdom  
available.)

I wear a veil. They insist  
at my lion's rage.

## TURN, SONG

Answering a bee, the heart-sound, a motorcycle  
or a sudden  
silk.

Justice  
powers my lover, a mouth  
sickled by a kiss—

If words are a helmet

stop  
crashing.

## AGAINST SPACE

Eating crickets at the conference about the future, they showed us *Soylent Green*. Chaos or escape, the crackers are people, and on the bus there I said I didn't get space travel. Across blue skies many shocking falls or what the planet needs. Florida being closer. For the expansion of knowledge, she was corrective and stern. Generation of lightsabers, asteroids, o-rings. Joey Rasinski's intricate rockets made sounds as he bent over, penciling. It stood for Gifted and Talented and I didn't want to go, my emphasis on charts, colors. Or he drew sharks. They gave us a problem to solve in groups about population and food, which was my least favorite until the transparencies. My ink spot was a pupil and though I was nervous, eyelashes dominating the space, still I was placed while Jennifer Johnston was not. Aim has never been. Jet and fast little space pod, I sleep. Earth below, looking soft and teary, problems, hazy blue and green seems delicate. She was my best friend. The curve, feminized, indicates welcoming or vulnerability and I have said gravity versus freedom. Unending distance, boulders hurl themselves toward me in the space before sleep, I spin. I admit limits especially pulled toward warmth rather than out, soil rather than. Heaven might be the black hole in Orion's belt if you can find it, no eating and no sex. I declined. Making sure statements. "NASA invents Velcro" was the first line of the first poem I wrote in a sociology class when wearing Birkenstocks he explained space research is tied to war. Always having felt under the sky, not particularly curious. Strong diagonal. Or much goes on inside the house, diffused. Why up is considered

imagination and down is inscribed. A planetary landscape is barren, site of history, the prophet comes to revive and whether green or deformed, those creatures locate our civility. She from his rib and all that. Directed attention. Such as a fighting system, a hero, and honor is an agreed-upon concept, except that everyone loved her gun and most memorable were her braids, Victorian. Evil, usually shiny and anonymous with more horsepower and masks, moves in groups with larger guns, so that the upright opposition is necessarily analog, individual skill, personality, and god. We saw them falling and touched each other's skin everywhere possible at once explosive and many-pointed. Cold war t-shirts and swag. Stars or danger but both are about love and trying, an ideal. Either way, entering a channel requires mentoring. Marks. Exile. Ambrosia. To receive. A microscope of evidence waits. Not that I am against space or odyssey, rather the mists and groups. Within or among being favored over conquer and shape shift, not necessarily.

## I AM CLIMBING INNSBRUCK

I am climbing Innsbruck, I am pathways for skis and rabbit stew, at the Uni halls of blue smoke bludgeoning, I am a castle of Lederhosen, do you cook? or volleyball? I am stamped of my passport, I am hot wine in iron, winter kettles of Strudel and by myself I am a projection across silence.

I wildflower,  
I Schnitzel,  
I lace,  
I crucifix and Vienna,  
I Salzburg and tunnel,  
I castle,  
I gypsy,  
I Christmas, very Christmas.

You do cooking,  
you do German,  
you do knitting and not the gypsies again,  
you do all night on the lake and dawn on the knoll,  
you do dumplings and dumplings and dumplings.

I am Edelweiss speaking American, I am stamps and Post,  
I am skiing down a strong coffee, I am silence  
and I am by the River Inn,  
a wish for a pizza pie, I am needing Alpenrose tea or Excedrin

from America, I am rare in feeling and climbing the thin air,  
dancing behind the locked door, American.

This is a night of snowing and snowing, these are wildflowers  
yellowing a bike path by the River Inn, this is Café Central and  
me sitting a strong long coffee, writing a café notebook hour after  
hour, this is my postcard, this is the yodel of Lederhosen, this is the  
valley and my silence, a silence and valley, my life so far behind but  
it's snowing and locked doors are opening now, you could say that  
this is not the wildflower end to the story, English of my dreams,  
my dreams and dreaming in German, my speaking, this is my wild  
fluency and a little literacy, this is me carrying a handmade basket  
and a dictionary, this is the Wienerwald, a restaurant chain having  
nothing to do with American hotdogs, O my basket dumpling, sing  
low, sing high, sing wide for me.

Do you lace?  
or a green sweater knit thickly?  
or bake a good Brot?  
a starter dough?  
go to Ball? the dance  
with gown and feathers?  
do you girl or lady or even just sometimes  
just a bit of sometimes woman  
even if just sometimes American?  
do you teaching?  
do you? yes,  
all night on the lake  
the moon sings low, sings high, sings wide.

I am not by the lake of the moon, I am climbing Innsbruck,  
I am lace and a walking stick for the hike up to Frau Hitt,  
I am slinging a basket, I am hiking and climbing the locked door  
my Schnitzel, I am two languages projecting, reflecting the  
moon and again.